

Nothing

NATHAN RIVAS

It's all I have to offer.
Not a penny for the man
shaking his cup, or the
quick quips that lift a smile.
A child's dream runs by
and shrivels into a walker.
Gray is what I see.
I provide a blandness
that is passive and lame.
All because North, South,
East, West, converted into each other
and left me stranded.